New York Tribune

First to Last—the Truth: News—Editorials—Advertisements.

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Italy and the Balkans.

The military aspects of the Italian participation in the Allied operations in the Balkans are of minor importance now. It is interesting to know that to the huge army of Serbs, French, British and colonial troops there is now added an Italian contingent, but, knowing nothing of its numbers, it is impossible to discuss the effect it will have in the general campaign.

On the political side, however, the arrival of Italian troops in the Balkans has a real meaning. We do not know in what fashion the Allies have by their agreements divided the Near East. We do know that Serbia is to be restored and that Russia is to have the city of Constantinople and both shores of the Straits, if the Allies win. We can assume that Italy has been assured the possession of Valona, a protectorate over all Albania, save for Scutari and perhaps a paring of Northern Epirus, which may remain in Greek hands, but the question of Asia Minor remains open.

The best information that has come from Europe indicates that Italy will be permitted at the end of the war to hold the island of Rhodes and the surrounding group, which she occupied "temporarily" during the Tripolitan War. But it is equally authoritatively asserted that the Allied bargain includes the possession of Smyrna and the Ægean coast of Asia Minor by Italy and the occupation of Syria and the coast from the Gulf of Alexandretta to Jaffa by France.

Italy, France, Russia and Britain have unquestionably agreed to settle the Eastern Question in such fashion that Austria and Germany shall permanently be excluded from the Balkans. They have agreed that Serbia shall have Bosnia, Herzegovina, the coast of Dalmatia south of the Narenta and a corner of Northern Albania. It is certain, if the Allies win, that Montenegro will be joined to Serbia and that the Bulgarians will be excluded from part of Macedonia.

But all of this is contingent upon victory; therefore, if Italy is to be able to claim a share in the Eastern estate she will have to claim it on the basis of her participation in the campaign that definitively drives the German out of the Balkans and the Turk out of Europe. It will not suffice for Italy to occupy Gorizia or even Trieste; even her possession of Valona will not count; it is in Macedonia that the decision will come.

The thing to be remembered is that what is now taking place all through Europe is not one campaign or many campaigns in a war, but a deliberate, systematic attempt to abolish the German influence outside of German frontiers. The economic alliance of the Allies aims at making a tariff wall against the Germans, surrounding all the nations now fighting the Germans. The military campaigns and the naval campaigns, outside of the main field of operations in Russia, Austria and France, aim at destroying the bases of German political and economic influence in the future.

The campaign in German East Africa, now approaching an end, will put a crown on the efforts of two years in the matter of German colonies. Of the considerable edifice which existed before the war there is left nothing now but a little kernel, which is bound to disappear in the next few weeks or months. Germany beyond the seas will then be a memory. And since Britain has used her colonial troops to conquer these German colonies, it will be for the colonies to decide whether they shall be returned. The answer is known.

But more important than Germany's colonies were her financial and economic bases in the Turkish Empire. Turkey had become in a sense a German ward, and the Bagdad Railroad was only one sign of the German expansion through the Near East. Through Turkey Germany menaced the French, Italian and British colonies in Africa, and through the religious primacy of the Sultan of Turkey in Islam she threatened the peace of India, Egypt and French North Africa.

The Allies are now agreed to put a permanent end to this menace by transforming conditions in the Balkans. Serbia is to be made a strong state, at the expense of Austria. Bulgaria will be beaten presently, her king will lose his throne and it is quite as certain that Allied success will cost Constantine of Greece his throne. Bulgaria, freed of Austro-German control and royalty, may receive a portion of Macedonia and her old lands in Thrace. Greece, once Constantine is gone, may get Epirus, but the total elimination of Teutonic influence is resolved upon.

The Triple Alliance ultimately broke down because of the rivalry of Austria and Italy in the Near East. Italy almost deserted Austria at the time of her Bosnia annexation. Austria nearly attacked Italy at the time of the Tripolitan War. Now, with the present war, Italy has definitely taken her stand with the Mediterranean powers. She purposes to take the Trentino, Trieste, Dalmatia and the Adriatic islands from Austria and by establishing herself in Albania command both sides of the Adriatic at the Straits of Otranto and dominate this sea.

Russia is resolved to take the Dardanelles and the Bosporus and thus break the bridge between Germany and the Asiatic territories of the Turk, some of which may be left to him. Britain and France, because of their own colonies, are bound to consent to this change. Allied military and commercial strategy alike aims at building a wall against Austro-German expansion at the Danube, closing Austrian outlet to the open sea at Valona as German outlet is closed at the Straits of Dover.

It is essential to remember, now, that Germany has realized, temporarily at least, her dream of expansion to the Near East. Her progress is fully revealed by her achievement. And this makes it absolutely clear what the Allies in their turn must do. More important than any present operations in the East or the West is the campaign to close the Balkans to Germany, for it is, in effect, closing the door of the future to Germany, the only door left open now that German colonies have been seized and the bases of German commerce abroad destroyed.

Germans no longer expect to hold Belgium or any portion of France, but they do hope and expect to hold the gateway to the Near East. Here alone is there a possibility of profit at all commensurate with the sacrifices they have made. The Allies on their part are resolved that there shall be no profit. This resolve gives meaning to the Italian participation in the Balkan campaign, and it explains why this Balkan campaign is, from the point of view of future consequences, the most interesting that is now going forward.

Who Owns the Railroads?

There is to be detected in certain quarters in Washington an attitude toward the railroad managers and the railroad presidents that can only be explained on the theory that here stand a few score of selfish men hugging their personal welfare to their bosoms to the damnation of the great American people. Well, what are the real numbers of beneficiaries represented on both sides?

The number of trainmen is put at 400,000. Against these are rightly to be set not only a few hundred officers, but 623,000 stockholders, about as many bondholders, and, for good measure, the countless depositors in the savings banks of the nation, with an item running over $1,000,000,000 invested in railroad securities. With all allowance for duplications in the stock and bond lists, there are vastly more of the great American people, the actual owners of the American railroads, represented by the railroad managers and presidents than by the labor leaders.

Now, the stockholders and bondholders are not entitled to any undue leniency by reason of their numbers. But neither are the trainmen on the convenient theory that they outnumber the presidents. What is to be sought is justice—justice for the 400,000 trainmen and justice for the million and more owners of the railroads, as well as for the whole American people.

A Patient's Right of Self-Defence.

A court-martial sitting at Tours has lately been deliberating on a curious case involving the right of a soldier to resist the orders of a medical officer and to refuse a prescribed course of treatment. It appears that one Deschamps, a zouave, in attempting to make his way across a dangerous road under fire had the misfortune in his haste to tumble into a trench and injure his back severely. Having passed through several hospitals without getting any relief, he at last came under the care of Surgeon-Major Vincent, who decided that electric treatment was indicated. It was here that the trouble began.

According to the doctor's account, the patient ordered him to stand off the moment he approached. To which the doctor answered, with becoming dignity: "It is not the soldier who is in command here; it is I." Thereupon he proceeded to flourish his electrodes with great assurance, when suddenly the patient struck him with such force that he broke the poor doctor's nose. If the doctor is to be believed, he offered no resistance at first, in order that the witnesses present might see that the patient was well able to defend himself; but, "having suffered this demonstration," he proceeds, "I felt that my dignity as a physician and an officer was at stake," and thereupon he responded with *quelques coups de poing*.

No less than thirty-five witnesses were called, among them the ingenious Dr. Doyen, who, by the way, has a singular knack of appearing in the newspapers on all sorts of occasions. He had seen nothing of this interesting tussle between doctor and patient, but presumably his opinion was sought as an authority on medical ethics. It should be noted that the zouave was the accused person. Dr. Doyen was not at all satisfied that he should be. The soldier, he argued, was seized with terror at the sight of the electrodes and the blow that broke Dr. Vincent's nose was in reality only a sort of reflex for which he was not properly responsible. "If the matter were left to my judgment," he said, "the doctor would be in the dock." There was such an uproar at this observation that the president was obliged to clear the court.

It caused great offence to Dr. Doyen that the papers alleged he subsequently withdrew his observation. But this gave him a further opportunity to assert himself, and he explained in a letter to the press that he withdrew nothing, but merely admitted that in the heat of the moment his expression had slightly outstripped his thought. What he meant to say, and did say, was that the patient was justified in defending himself, and that if he had killed the doctor, instead of merely fracturing a few small bones of his nose, the court could hardly hold him guilty.

Nevertheless, the zouave, who was demonstrably in fairly vigorous health, was condemned to six months' imprisonment, showing that a medical officer is entitled to the same sort of reflex irritability as his patient.

No Streetcar Strike.

The renewed threat of a streetcar strike has again subsided, thanks to the timely intervention of Mayor Mitchel, and the city can breathe again. The settlement appears to the outsider the obvious common sense of the situation, and the wonder must be that grown men could come to an impasse over such petty grabbing.

So far as can be told from the published facts, the difficulties seem to have been chiefly of Mr. Hedley's making. The episode drives home once more to the people of the city the fact that railroad management and labor management are different duties, requiring different abilities. For the sake of the city's peace of mind and of the Mayor's vacation we sincerely hope that Mr. Hedley or his superiors will consent to learn something from this latest, needless quarrel.

A Useful Submarine Exploit.

A survivor of the first great submarine success—the sinking of the three Cressys—spoke thus of Weddigen's brilliant feat: "It was a fine piece of work, a gallant piece of work. They came up right under our guns and risked their lives to take ours. I take off my hat to the men who did it—but I want to meet them again." That is all that could be said of the encounter that resulted in the loss of two fine light cruisers on Saturday, though on this occasion one at least of the submarines was destroyed on the spot, and another, according to the British Admiralty's report, "rammed and possibly sunk."

It may be recalled that when the Aboukir was torpedoed her two consorts went instantly to her assistance, stopped and lowered their boats, thus offering themselves as easy targets to the enemy. That a similar error of judgment was committed in the case of the Falmouth and the Nottingham is very unlikely. Commanders have learned to be wary of submarines, and the work of rescue in such circumstances is usually left to the smaller craft. Evidently the vessels were drawn in among the submarines while seeking out the High Sea Fleet, which had been reported at sea, and the Germans were more successful than in former attempts of this kind.

Though the British navy has still a great margin of superiority in this class of vessels, the feat was a notable and important one. Hitherto the submarine has not been nearly so successful in such exploits as the Germans hoped. The early success of Weddigen—it is nearly two years now since he became a national hero—caused extravagant expectations. It was supposed that it would be possible to repeat the trick frequently, and that steadily and surely the British fleet would be whittled away, to use the phrase beloved of our German-American editors in the early months of the war. These hopes have been disappointed, and exploits like that of Saturday are in fact rare.

They are encouraging to the Germans when they succeed because it is obvious that when the game can be played it is most profitable to them. The British Admiralty's statement notes that as soon as the enemy learned that the British forces were considerable the High Sea Fleet "avoided an engagement and returned into port." Manifestly this was the most prudent course to pursue. A decisive battle might result in the virtual annihilation of the German fleet, and there is no reason to believe that the Germans have ever sought a decision on a grand scale: the risk for them is too great.

By regrettable inadvertence an editorial on American neutrality, quoted in our cable dispatches yesterday, was credited to "The London Times." It should have been credited to—or charged against—"The Sunday Times" of London, an entirely different paper from "The Thunderer."

The Unneutral Saurian.

(Lieutenant-Colonel A. C. Yate in the Nineteenth Century.)

If the retirement of Mubarak into German territory and subsequent surrender robbed the military operations of much of their interest, the country, none the less, insisted on levying its toll. The alligator would seem to have seen in this advent of strangers its opportunity and taken it. To its wiles unsuspecting warriors fell victims. An officer, whom I rejoice to see commanding a Baluch battalion to-day, left two fingers between those merciless jaws. The rest of him (a very good rest, be it said with thankfulness) "lived to fight another day." The cunning brutes lay in wait for men coming down to the river bank to fill their water bottles, and, seizing them as they stooped or leaned forward, pulled them into the water. A rumor reaches our ears that these fiends of the river depths are even now intervening in the struggle between Briton and German. Report hath it that an army of them checked pursuit of the Germans by South African cavalry after one of General Smuts's victories. There was "one more river to cross" between the Boer and the German, and the saurian monster said "No!" The angel intervened at Mons, the alligator at Taveta or Salaita!

New Line Through the Canal.

(Panama Canal Record, July 19.)

The passage through the Panama Canal on July 15 of the passenger steamship Remuera, of the New Zealand Shipping Company, on the way from Wellington to London, marks the establishment of this important line through the canal. Its route has formerly been around the Cape of Good Hope on the outward voyage from Great Britain and around Cape Horn on the homeward lap, the vessels going completely around the world on each voyage. It was intended to make use of the canal route some time ago, but the outbreak of the war in Europe and the closing of the canal by slides deferred the adoption of this route until now. The company has reported its intention of building new ships especially for the canal service.

The old route totalled 12,216 miles; the new route will approximate 11,190 miles via Tahiti and Colon, or 11,450 miles if the steamer sails direct to Balboa from Wellington and goes by Norfolk on the way from Colon to Plymouth.

A WORD FOR MR. CALDER

Mr. Quigg Sees Special Qualifications Beyond Hand Shaking.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: I want to speak up for Mr. Calder. Not that he needs it for primary effect. If any future event can be called certain it is Mr. Calder's nomination. But the sudden candidacy of Mr. Bacon, predicated upon the "special qualifications" that are being recited in his favor, together with the repeated reference to Mr. Calder as the "hand-shaking candidate," is not helped in a situation where Mr. Calder is certain to be our candidate, probably our strongest state candidate, and where, against the carrying power of Mr. Wilson, we are going to need all the votes we can get for all candidates, not excepting Mr. Hughes.

With fine frankness, after a long period of useful service in the House of Representatives, Mr. Calder has been for three years a candidate for the Senate. He, too, has "special qualifications." He is a successful business man who has earned by personal effort whatever fortune he possesses. His relations have been intimate with every sort of American citizen. He may not know "all the diplomats in Europe," but he knows all the elements that are comprehended in American life. In his aspiration to be Senator he has consulted all these elements all over this state, and if he has shaken hands a good deal, he has won hearts with hands.

We need in this election what Mr. Calder has been doing throughout the state. His meetings—I have attended some of them—and his speeches have interested large bodies of citizens in almost every township in this state. He has impressed the people as a man who understands them, and yet in nothing I have heard him say could there be detected the note of demagogy. If Mr. Root, William Barnes, Herbert Parsons, Mr. Wickersham, Judge Clearwater, Mr. Brackett, Senator Brown, Senator Mills, any one of these, were a candidate against Mr. Calder New York Republicans would be called upon to do some thinking, but as between Mr. Bacon and Mr. Calder the man who has shaken hands is the safer candidate and would be the more useful Senator.

LEMUEL ELY QUIGG.

New York, Aug. 21, 1916.

"Patriotic Surnames."

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Your interesting editorial in to-day's issue on "Patriotic Surnames" will arouse the curiosity of many Tribune readers as to the original meaning of some of the current Irish family names which survive in anglicized abbreviations. I subjoin just a few:

McCormack (Son of the Crown, i. e., Heir to the Throne); Cummings, Kelly, Tracy all three meaning Warrior; Casement (Hammer), Dougherty (Crusher), Donovan (Destroyer), Flanagan (Priest), Bryan (Scribe), Ryan (Peasant), Brady (Mariner), Macaulay (Son of the Rock, i. e., Mountaineer), Flynn (Red-haired), Connolly (Light), Donald (Dark), Toole (Left-handed), Hennessy (Despondent), Sullivan (Quick-eyed), Cassidy and Healy (both signifying Swift), Mahon (Fierce), Mann (Fiery), Dooley (Defiant), Haggard (Spiteful), Boyle (Good-natured), Moloney (Thoughtful), Murphy (Excellent).

When Ireland was subjugated, her long and difficult family and place names had to be anglicized; the blunt Sassenach could never have tackled the delicate and subtle Erse phonology. Thus, Tiobraid-Arann (Well of Ara) was changed to Tipperary; Droiched-Atha (Bridge of the Ford), to Drogheda; Conmac-ne-Mara (Sea of the Conmacs), to Connemara; Magh-Eo (Plain of the Yews), to Mayo; Doibh-Linn (Black Pool), to Dublin and so on.

Delilah knew that Samson's secret strength lay in his hair, and the English know that the hidden force of the Irish Nationalist movement lies in the Gaelic tongue. The learned writer of your excellent editorial alludes to Dean Swift's remark that the Irish cannot be "tamed" as long as the use of Gaelic is encouraged. Everywhere language seems to be a decisive factor in the principle of nationalities.

ERNEST P. HORRWITZ,
Formerly Lecturer at Dublin University and Queens College, London.

New York, Aug. 19, 1916.

The Death of Lieutenant Garvin.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Readers of The Tribune who from time to time have followed with heart and mind the glorious writing of Mr. J. L. Garvin, of "The Observer," may have read between the lines of his most recent articles what has befallen him. I quote from "The British Weekly" of August 3: "So many dear and sacred young heads have been laid low in battle that only a few can be specially commemorated. But the whole journalistic profession, of which Mr. J. L. Garvin is the brightest ornament, is lamenting with him and his wife the death of their only son, Lieutenant Gerard Garvin. The young officer was killed in the battle of the Somme on the night of July 22, within twenty yards of the German trenches, while he was walking down the line to straighten it, under heavy shell and machine-gun fire. So closes, at the age of twenty, a life of the highest promise, and, indeed, of no small performance. Young Garvin was a man of shining gifts and of great attainments, and his character was even more notable in its quiet ascendancy than his talents.

"The relations between him and his father and mother were always beautiful. They constantly realized his peril, and died a thousand deaths in advance, but they showed nothing to him, nor could he to them, though each perfectly understood and speech was needless. Yet when the blow came it seemed as if it had never been prepared for at all. Gerard Garvin loved all gracious things in literature, music and art, and he had full freedom always. Though he would very willingly have lived for the high things, and, above all, to spare his parents the pain of his early going, they have no doubt that he had risen serene over all that tends to shake a man, and that his last hour was both his most competent and his happiest."

MRS. FRANCIS KING.

Alma, Mich., Aug. 19, 1916.

Bumps in the Drive.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: As a resident of the section of the city to which I refer, I appeal through your columns for good roads.

The condition of the roads on Riverside Drive from 135th to 157th Street is deplorable. Numerous requests have been sent to the city with reference to the roads on that portion of the Drive, but apparently no good has been derived from it.

It is said that Riverside Drive is one of the most beautiful thoroughfares in our city. Therefore why not continue to have it considered so by bettering the condition of the roads?

In other sections of the Drive the roads are in as good a condition as can be expected, so why not raise the entire state of this thoroughfare to the acme of perfection?

A certain automobile salesman sold a car to a gentleman and said, "I can guarantee this car to go over any road with ease except Riverside Drive from 135th to 157th Street."

Doesn't this speak for itself?

MALCOLM H. SANGER.

New York, Aug. 20, 1916.

THAT JAPANESE INVASION.

"THE DEATH OF MY YOUNGER BROTHER"

What Gustave Hervé Wrote in His Radical Journal, Once "La Guerre Sociale," Now "La Victoire," Upon the Death of Colonel Hervé on the Third Day of the Somme Offensive.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Those of your readers who keep track of French affairs certainly know the name of Gustave Hervé, the famous pamphleteer and revolutionist, who, many a time convicted of violations of the French press laws, had spent prior to the war the best part of his life in prison.

Perhaps they even know the name of the paper in which he carried on his propaganda against all institutions tainted with conservatism, capitalism and militiaism, "La Guerre Sociale" (Social Warfare).

But do they know that Gustave Hervé from the very first day of the war became one of the most eloquent advocates of the "Union Sacrée"; that he carried on in this very "Guerre Sociale" a beautifully enlightened campaign by joining with the intellectual elite of France, regardless of their political and social differences in times of peace? Are they aware that he has consecrated this evolution of his thought by renaming "La Guerre Sociale" and has now invoked the great end toward which all Frenchmen's eyes are fixed in its new name, "La Victoire"?

In his daily articles there have appeared from time to time under the title of "Letters to My Younger Brother" most touching and eloquent messages to the soldiers in the trenches. But one morning, alas, the title read "On the Death of My Younger Brother," and that article seems to me so characteristic of French thought that I cannot resist the temptation of making it known to your readers. They will first note what a fine style of political writing the French reader demands. That a newspaper like "La Victoire" can make both ends meet and remain free from any moneyed influence simply because the style and thought of a vigorous writer fascinate the masses is a fact that tells a great deal in favor of French democracy.

But this is not all. If we admit that the article which will best stir the workingmen of France is the one which reflects the spiritual self of the nation, we must acknowledge that the spirit of France, so little known to the outside world, manifests itself in this article in the noblest way, always craving for more justice and liberty, brave in war, fearless in civil life, but above all so full of tenderness. The whole gamut of family feelings vibrates in this article of Hervé, the ex-anarchist, with a note of sincerity which cannot deceive. And beyond the circle of intimate affections there is the love of country, and beyond that again there is the love of humanity, giving to the whole of French thought its true significance. L.

New York, Aug. 15, 1916.

THE DEATH OF MY YOUNGER BROTHER.

I shall no longer write in these columns letters to my younger brother, who, indeed, was well aware that they were written in the days of great emotional anguish for others besides himself.

On the third day of our victorious offensive on the Somme my noble brother, a major in the colonial artillery, met a glorious death at the age of forty-three. I need not say that he was brave to the core, for he belonged to that glorious colonial army whose prowess was known of yore. He inherited from Breton sailors and corsairs, from whom we are descended, this natural bravery, this utter contempt for danger, which from his early youth was such a cause of worry to our mother. When serving as a young lieutenant in the expedition to China he received the Legion of Honor for an exploit which I shall narrate to his children when they grow up. It will give them a high idea of their father. A true soldier, about whom one of my own associates once said that one had only to listen to him to gain confidence and only to look at him to become brave. Naturally he had earned the War Cross.

When, in spite of his brilliant services, his promotion was slow in coming, the family, of course, laid the blame at the door of the naughty elder brother; but he would answer this by saying that in the colonial army there was no such thing as discrimination; that in his army corps every one deserved promotion, and that he would be a mean sort of soldier if he concerned himself about his own advancement when he had the honor of commanding heroes.

They often write us from the front, when they are downhearted, that it is all very well for us to preach a war to the finish, and that it is easy preaching from the office desk. Easy preaching! As if it were not our own loved ones, those who belong to us in the rear, who are exposing their breasts to the shot and shell of the enemy! As if it were not our own flesh which is suffering, our own blood which is flowing on the battlefields! As if those who die at the front were strangers to us! As if we had not the right to raise our voices when the two best companions of our childhood are at the front!

Our brotherly affection grew strong at an early period of our life. When the father of a Breton family dies young, as in our case, leaving a large brood, the oldest son, even if he be but ten, steps in the father's shoes and assumes in his relations to his younger brothers a real moral leadership.

Our affection always remained so deeply rooted that in later years differences of opinion—especially when my anti-militarism might have shocked his beautiful soldier's soul—never caused the least friction between us. I did not always approve of the method we employed in our colonial expeditions. He disapproved of my propaganda for preventing war by insurrectional means. But each time he returned from the colonies one of the first things he did was to visit me in prison. He would come without ostentation, but without trying to conceal his identity, in full uniform, and he would embrace the man whom the newspapers had been denouncing as a traitor to his country. Each time he left me he would say, with his pleasing smile: "Your revolutionists, your socialists, your syndicalists, I see what they are. At the next war, if we are attacked, they will make just as good soldiers as my colonials."

It is a great comfort to me that he has not perished altogether, for he has left four delightful children, whom their mother, a woman as fine as our own mother, will bring up, as all French woman know how, when in the prime of their life they have been smitten in their dearest affection. The "poilus" who leave behind them a large brood are not the ones the most to complain, even if they are poor. Large families form such a school of solidarity between brothers and sisters, such a school of moral discipline, such a marvellous school of fraternity, that the greatest riches a man can leave his child are brothers and sisters who will share with him the joys and sorrows of living.

I take comfort in saying right here how much we loved each other in displaying without any reserve the pain that overwhelmed me yesterday when I heard the terrible news. Alas! It is the anguish of all families of France, the anguish of the families of our Allies and it is also the anguish of all the families of Germany.

We shall be the victors, that is certain! My brother saw the dawn of victory. He offered his blood joyously for the great work of deliverance. We all accept without complaining, like our old mother, the bitter sacrifice! But how dearly is the victory paid for! What a poisonous victory that will have cost us all so much mourning! Yes! Fight to the finish, for this crime of crimes must be punished! But afterward, pity the generations who will follow. Oh, that the blood of so many heroes may at least serve for the whole of humanity and that this cursed war may be the last of all wars!

GUSTAVE HERVE.

Hoodwinked.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: "German-American," whose letter on the "New German Propaganda" appeared in yesterday's Tribune, alludes to the Kaiser's "hoodwinked" agents. But do they not rather hoodwink their own government, since their expensively equipped organization has no longer a raison d'être, unless it be the desire to impress the home authorities with the importance of the New York mission for the sake of diplomatic preferment after the war?

WILLIAM CRAIG.

New York, Aug. 19, 1916.

NO PEACE FOR THE SAKE OF PEACE

What Cape Breton Knows of the War and Thinks of the German Idea.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: I am impelled to write a word of thanks to you for your admirable and most stimulating presentation of the thought that "the vital things for which the war has been fought, the things that count most for all time, have already been preserved," as set forth in your article in The New York Tribune copied in "The Halifax Herald" of August 8, now before me. Your words are as hopeful as is your appreciation of what has been done and what is yet to be done, and your emphasis upon the valuelessness of peace so long as the German idea prevails among the German people.

I believe what you have written will be of influence not only here but in the United States. I am sure from what I have read, heard or known of the people in Canada, of all sorts and conditions of men, the last thought in their mind is peace, unless it be on a basis as solid as your own declaration—for here men and women do believe that "Corsica has failed and some portion of Galilee is to endure."

I am in a village of fisher folk, among whom there are those who will tell of a son, a brother, a friend, fighting, wounded, dead, it may be "somewhere in France or in Flanders." It seems incredible that the great crucifixion of the nations, so far off, should be felt and known in the homes here—but no word even here of peace for the sake of peace.

Though a citizen of the United States and a sojourner here, I know these people well, and I feel they would approve my sending this line of acknowledgment to you.

HENRY M. ROGERS.

Ingonish, Cape Breton, Nova Scotia, Aug. 13, 1916.

A Pure Milk Supply.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: As a Scotchman born in Glasgow, Scotland, forty years ago, and engaged for eighteen years as an educational and civic official on the school board, I always took a deep, keen and practical interest in municipal affairs. I supported one who, as a public spirited councillor of many years experience and ultimately master of works for the entire municipality, has no peer in the "old land" for the exhibition of a capable administrative ability. I refer to Frank I. Cohen. I understand he is presently in New York. Could you, sir, prevail upon him or offer him an opportunity to contribute some practical advice as to how Glasgow conducts its cheap and universally priced pure milk supply? I maintain that with this dread infantile paralysis scourage in our midst it surely behooves us to spare no pains, that no sacrifice is too great to make in our earnest endeavor to cope with the vital needs of our dear city in its struggle to carry to a successful issue the wise policy, "prevention is better than cure." Trusting you will afford me all the publicity possible, and thinking you in sincere anticipation. A REGULAR READER.

New Brunswick, N. J., Aug. 21, 1916.

For Compulsory, Binding Arbitration.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Would it be of interest to you to know what one American citizen thinks of the great railroad controversy now holding the nation in suspense? If so, then I admit that to me the Constitution of the United States and the railroad systems are the two most vital factors in the holding together and upbuilding of the nation. I consider railroad men, official and labor, among our most sterling and efficient citizens. I am for labor when labor makes just demands, and when such demands are unjust I oppose them, not as labor's antagonist, but as labor's true friend.

A strike at such a time makes imperative the demand for the enlargement of the powers of the Interstate Commerce Commission, the doing away with state railroad commissions and the creation of a Federal arbitration court, whose decisions shall be binding, unless an appeal be taken to the United States Supreme Court. J. L. WELLS.

Cranbury, N. J., Aug. 21, 1916.